

RESTORATION

VOL. VI.

COMBERMERE, ONTARIO—AUGUST, 1953

No. 9.

Grace Of God Enters Through The Blue Door

By Catherine de Hueck

There was nothing to distinguish him from the thousands of others who came through the Blue Door every day to ask for clothing, food, shelter, or some other sort of help.

There was about him only that strange air that goes with being poor. He was quiet, about twenty-eight or thirty. His clothes were shabby, mended, neat. His shoes were scuffed. His hair was a little too long, but hair-cutting costs money.

A College Man Perhaps?

Yet when he spoke, the voice and words were those of a well-educated man. A sense of tragedy deepened around about us while he was speaking. It became bleak when he stated his case.

He was a Protestant minister, he said. He had had troubles with his faith, and had left the church where he was pastor, and he was drifting, unmoored, searching for — what? He could not exactly say.

He was all alone in the world. No kith. No kin. The depression being on, he had difficulties getting a job he knew how to do. He was a green horn at all manual labor, and the market for labor was glutted anyhow.

He had not eaten for quite a while, and he was "a bit tired." He had seen the legend over our door . . . FRIENDSHIP HOUSE . . . and had come in on the spur of the moment . . . for . . . he needed friendship perhaps more than food and rest.

I noticed the deep lines of tiredness and mental weariness that his search had etched in his young face. I realized that the man was starved, sick, and truly exhausted. Food and a clean bed were readied in a jiffy.

A Silent Worker

Two weeks passed before he could really say he was "back on his feet." He stayed with us, and worked willingly and efficiently at any job given to him from scrubbing floors to peeling potatoes and serving the other brothers Christopher. He was always quiet, self-contained, listening more than speaking.

He became the confidant of many a derelict. He was that kind of man. Then, one quiet winter evening, when the Quebec heater was roaring cozily, and the wheezy old clock was counting time with little spurts and coughs, and the room was almost deserted, he came to my desk and sat under the crucifix. The vigil light threw little shadows on his clean-cut face.

In a low voice he simply stated that he had found what he had been seeking. Catholicism was the answer. It held the fullness of truth, and he wanted to embrace it. Could I arrange for instructions?

The vigil light suddenly flared up. A coal in the heater fell with a clank in the stillness of the room, breaking the profound spell of gratitude that was welling up in my heart. I took his hand and held it a minute or so. No words of mine were spoken. What was there to say before such a miracle of God's grace?

A Celebration Cake

We found a priest. There was a big cake, baked with loving care by Mr. Pritchard, our "chef." There were candles on it. And there was joy and laughter in the big library. Paul stayed on. And did his work even better than before.

Then once again there was a cake. And this time there were flowers as well as candles. And there was more than joy and happiness in our humble house. The wanderer, the seeker, the "bum," the brother Christopher was leaving us to study for the priesthood. He was going to the seminary of an austere Order.

Recently I visited him. He has a beard. There is in his face a peace that truly surpasses all understanding. His eyes hold, somehow, a joy that seems uncontainable. The former minister, the knight of many roads, had come home, via the Blue Door.

He and six others went to the priestly state through that same door. Through the infinite grace of God, out of the thousands of brothers Christopher who came to us, seven became "other Christs."

But then, why should I wonder? Anyone who passes through a door painted blue in honor of Our Lady, gets Her special blessing. And with that . . . marvels happen, and miracles become as common-place as mere coincidences.

"DAILY I REMEMBER FRIENDSHIP HOUSE IN MY MASS," the bearded priest said.

No wonder Friendship House is blessed.



Heaven Help Our Lady

By Muriel Zimmerman

The title may seem somewhat capricious but such is not my intention. It seems to me that if Divine Providence did not see fit to interfere with some of the misguided and misinformed so-called devotees of Mary, the Marion devotion would be



I AM THE IMMACULATE CONCEPTION

pushed back at least 200 years.

Horrible Examples

We are all familiar with the adult who, watching the teen-ager apply an overdose of lipstick, come up with "I'm sure Our Lady would never have worn lipstick!"

As a happy little girl comes whistling down the street an aunt or mother catches up with her, and, with a shocked expression, states, "Our Lady cries every time you do that!"

A wide-eyed fanatic tells you Mary "is too" present in the Eucharist, and she "is too" equal in nature to the Father, Son, and Holy Ghost!

What makes people assume that our Lady would not have adopted the customs of the century in which she lived? Is it wrong to think she may have donned some type of necklace or bracelet when she went to the Marriage feast of Cana? She was a woman you know, and we do love beautiful things.

Our Reflections of Her

I have always loved Our Lady deeply and could desire nothing more than to see men increase in the knowledge of her glories; but truly, some of us who are the Virgin's self-styled ambassadors (Continued on Page Four)

Bishop's Visitation Blesses Combermere

Our new Sacred Heart Church in Combermere may now keep its spire uplifted in happiness and peace; and it may raise its voice to call its children for Sunday Mass, to rejoice with them at baptisms, and condole with them in deaths.

Both church and bell were blessed, on June 28th, by the Most Rev. W. J. Smith, Bishop of Pembroke; and the beautiful and humble edifice is as "officially" dedicated to the worship of God as the most stately cathedral in the world.

Fr. Pat's Triumph

Our old church was destroyed by fire, in November, 1951; you may remember. Our pastor, Fr. Pat Dwyer, left it — at Benediction — with the edge of his cope afire; but even before the flames had eaten up the last bit of wood, he had begun to plan the present structure.

The day was a memorable one for the parish. And perhaps for the bishop too; for it was a sultry day, and there were many things the Ordinary had to do. (And in all those vestments!)

He had to say Mass at 8 o'clock. He had to confirm a class of 41 children and 2 adults. He had to preach at the 10 o'clock Mass. He attended the parish dinner, served by the women in the parish hall; and, in the afternoon, he blessed not only the church and the bell, but also the Stations of the Cross. Then he gave Benediction.

You might not be aware of it, but it takes a lot of time to bless a church, or the Stations of the Cross, or even the bell. (And it requires the voice and the power of the bishop to confer all these blessings.)

The W.P.C.J. Bell

A bell is given a name. Did you know that? This one has a lot of names. It bears the names of William, of Patrick, of Charles, and of John, for instance. William for the bishop, Patrick for the pastor, Charles for Dr. Charles Twomey of Lynn, Mass., who, with his wife, donated the bell, and John for the donor of the bell-stand.

The bishop says seven psalms in the blessing of the bell. Then he says this prayer:

"O God, Thou didst command Moses Thy servant and law giver to fashion silver trumpets, whose sweet sounds should tell the people to prepare for thy worship and assemble for its celebration. So grant, we pray, that this bell destined for thy holy church may, through our lowly ministry, be sanctified by the Holy Spirit; that its ringing will invite the faithful to the house of God and to eternal recompense."

"Let piety wax stronger in thy servants as often as their ears perceive the melodious peals. At its sound let evil spirits fly in terror; let

thunder and lightning, hail and storm, be banished; let the power of Thy hand crush the powers of the air, that hearing the sounding bell they may tremble and vanish at the sign of the cross engraved thereon. This, may our Lord Himself grant, Who overcoming death by the instrument of the cross, reigneth in the glory of God the Father, together with the Holy Spirit, forevermore. Amen."

Let Evil Depart!

The bishop then sprinkles the bell with holy water, and walks around it, his censer giving out a sweet aroma.

"O Christ, the Almighty Ruler," he prays, . . . "pour forth upon this bell the dew of Thy Holy Spirit. Whenever it rings, may the spirit of evil depart; may the Christian people practice their faith; may Satan's power over them be stricken; and may they be strengthened in the Lord as they worship together . . . when the peal of this bell penetrates the clouds, may the angelic legion guard the congress of worshippers."

After benediction, His Excellency, accompanied by Fr. S. P. Owens, pastor of the Cathedral parish, visited Madonna House. The distinguished visitors inspected the chapel, St. Martha's dormitory, the new log cabin, across the creek, which we recently acquired, and which we call St. Catherine's, and all the other buildings.

Bishop Smith especially visited Mr. Dee, who was ill, and blessed him with a relic of the True Cross. (Some guys have all the luck.) There were many people in Madonna House that day, staff workers and staff worker applicants, volunteers, and men and women who had come to attend the Summer School of Catholic Action.

Guests of Honor

Special guests were Dr. and Mrs. Charles Twomey of Lynn, Mass., who donated the bell, the Stations of the Cross, the Tabernacle, many statues, and many other objects in the church. Father Dwyer had invited them to the dedication of the church. Others who contributed to the building of the church, including M. Peterson who sent \$1,000 from California, and Mr. and Mrs. Joseph (Continued on Page Four)

RESTORATION

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Canada

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WHERE LOVE IS — GOD IS

What kind of day was it when our Lady fell asleep in her divine Son — and woke up Queen of Heaven?

It must have been a cool August day filled with sunshine, and with a sky on which little white fleecy clouds played hide and seek with the sun . . . casting gray-blue shadows on a fruitful earth.

Were they, in truth, clouds at all? Or were they angels tumbling down over each other, making a pathway, soft and shimmering, of their mighty wings, for the Mother of God to walk upon to heaven?

It must have been a breathless day . . . one filled with expectations for the Powers, Principalities, Archangels, Angels, Cherubim, and Serapim, as well as for all the saints. For they just must have had some inkling of what eventide would bring!

Who would be coming in her glorious body, that encompassed the un-encompassable on earth? Who but MARY THE IMMACULATE MOTHER OF GOD!

Did the day linger beyond its usual limits . . . loath to let go the sight of her that outshone its light? (For it was to be her last day on earth.) Did it weep a little, toward twilight . . . when it had to go where all days go, after they have brought their gifts of light, darkness, sorrow, and joy to mankind? Or did it sing unto itself a song of gladness that it was born early enough to behold the face of her who bore its Creator?

And what of the night? Was the moon crescent shaped, so that she might easily rest her feet on it, on her way to Heaven? Did the stars shine as never before? Did they dance their mysterious dance of love . . . and sing their silent song of spheres . . . to Her Who was a greater star than they ever could be?

No one knows the answer this side of glory. But August brings back each year . . . THE ASSUMPTION OF OUR LADY . . . the feast that commemorates the end of her long exile; the feast that brings, for eternity, the human mother and the divine Son together again, the feast that is now the flower of the tree of dogma . . . to be believed, rejoiced in . . . loved . . . as all the holy verities of Faith should be loved.

It is a feast to make our own, indeed. For lo . . . behold . . . a human being even as we ourselves . . . A WOMAN CLAD IN GLORY AND IN OUR FLESH abides in the heart of the Trinity . . . Beloved by Father . . . and Son . . . and the Crimson Dove . . . God of Love.

Who seeks Jesus without Mary, seeks Him in vain . . . said a saint of God. How true . . . when one considers the Annunciation, the Incarnation, and the Assumption. He came through Mary . . . we go through Her — the Gate — to Him the Way — to the Father.

How easy to believe this and to live it . . . when every August brings the incredible feast of her Assumption — that sings and sings of the joyous truth . . . that OUR MOTHER AND THE MOTHER OF GOD — IS THERE . . . BEFORE HIS FACE . . . PRAYING FOR US . . . AND BRINGS US — MEDIATRIX OF ALL GRACES THAT SHE IS . . . ALL WE NEED . . . TO JOIN HER IN HEAVEN . . . AND ENJOY WITH HER THE BEATIFIC VISION, FOR WHICH ALL OF US CHILDREN OF MAN WERE CREATED!

Let us meditate much on this feast of Mary's Assumption — for if we ever needed Mary . . . it is today, when . . . orphans . . . we behold a world mad with worry, tensions, sorrow, insecurity, and fear. Let us turn to Her . . . and ask her to show us the way to her Son . . . the way of peace, of joy, and life eternal.

FIVE ACRE MEDITATIONS

by Eddie Doherty

Several times I have written about Slug, the old soldier who spent thirty years or so in joyful suffering, the "victim soul," the holocaust, the patient one who needed to be helped—now and then—by a funny story or two, so he could endure his agony more cheerfully.

This Is About Rose

And at the same time I have written about Rose, his wife, the woman who worked in a factory all day that she might keep Slug alive and sheltered; pay his doctor bills; and provide a few little comforts for him — such as the telephone, the radio, and the little altar on which his statues and holy pictures stood.

Slug died a few years ago. I wrote about that too—how, for instance, the undertaker's boy carried Slug, in his heavy coffin, down the narrow stairway without any trouble, claiming he didn't weigh anything; how it took six strong men to carry Slug to the hearse. Also I told how a priest had come, "whisht," through two locked and bolted doors to give Slug Viaticum and the last rites of the Church a few hours before he cracked his last corny joke and smiled his last weak smile.

Today I write again about the widow, Rose. I write because of a letter she wrote about the chapel we are building at Madonna House. Rose still works in the factory. She is still a widow. She is still poor. And she still thinks of others who are

worse off than herself.

A Widow's Mite

"I was glad to hear of the chapel," she wrote. "I was especially glad to know it would give some of your people a break — give them a chance to hear Mass without walking all the way to the church. How many times I had to wheel Slug three miles or so to a church! There was only one church I could wheel him into. It had only one step above the sidewalk; and it wasn't too hard to get the wheel chair over that step."

There was a cashier's cheque enclosed with the letter. It was intended, Rose said, to pay part of the cost of a statue for our Immaculate Conception chapel. The statue would remain somewhere near the altar. Like Slug, it would just stay there, uncomplaining, happy to be so near the Lord and His Blessed Mother.

Some day, Rose said, she would have enough to complete payment for the statue. This was just a first payment. Please let her know the balance owed.

I looked at the cheque and read the letter again. And I wondered. I wondered at the charity and the simplicity and the magnificence of Slug's widow. The cheque was for one hundred dollars. Her letter made it seem as though she had offered a hundred cents.

The widow's mite! Do you think Our Lady will ever forget that contribution?



Sunset in Tucson

By Naticidad Estigoy

Spell-bound I stood at a window one evening
Quite lost in deep meditation,
Gazing at a beautiful vision:
A picture! A Master Creation!
The Picture was a radiant sun-set
Such as I never saw before,
It revealed God in full Glory
A God to love and Adore!
Were I an artist I would paint this picture
And name it: "An Easter Sun-set."
Were I a poet I would write a song about it
And call it: "An Easter Sonnet."
What words may I use to describe it?
It was so inspiring, breathtaking, sublime!
And all I can do is to give Praise
To my God, my Maker Di-

vine.
I saw white clouds suddenly become rose
Dotting a turquoise sky—
A burst of gold, aqua, purple, and red,
All in the twinkling of an eye.
A tiny island of green sea—
With a gold fish here and there.
A fan-dash of rainbow colors—
Appearing as it seemed from nowhere.
But 'twas not a sun-set I looked on;
To me it was the First Easter Story.
It was Christ Majestic and Victorious
Bursting forth in all His Glory!
The rainbow of colors gradually faded,
Changing to purple, then gray as at dawn;
The sun slowly sank behind the mountains,
But a beautiful memory lingered on!

The B's Corner

I have been thinking about joy; and trying to find words to pass my thought to others. For definitely our sad world needs joy today. Joy above all. For it needs sanctity . . . which is so simple, since it consists in just loving God, and then . . . believe it or not . . . doing as you will!

Saints were never sad. Perhaps that is why there are so few of them today — because on the whole we are an un-joyous generation, a sad generation. And that is the greatest sadness of all.

A Joyless Parade

People come and people go through the blue door of Madonna House . . . have been doing so through the many doors of the many Friendship House branches in Canada and the U.S.A. since 1930. I listen attentively to what they have to say. It is a great privilege to receive the confidences of one's fellow men, and I feel it keenly, and react toward each with a deep and profound reverence.

But . . . I also wonder! Most of the conversation is so sad. Problems pile on problems. Worries follow worries. There seems to be, in most hearts, much confusion; in most minds, great darkness; in most souls, much restlessness. Why?

That is the question I keep asking. And a positive hunger takes hold of me to share my joy with all these good upset people. But words are hard to find that make joy clear. It is a fragile gossamer fabric, easily torn from too much handling. And yet it is simple, as God is simple; and as all the gifts and things of God are simple.

Why Do You Worry?

Why do people worry? Is it lack of faith? Faith is a golden strand in the fabric of joy. Is it lack of trust in God? Trust is the silver stand that makes joy's fabric shimmer and glow. Is it lack of abandonment to the will of God, and to the decrees of His divine providence? They are the foundation of the many colored tissues that make up the bulk of joy.

As I listen, I hear tales of sickness — personal, or of some beloved one. And I long to say, and often do . . . "Oh what a joy! God loves you and yours, very much. He gives you a whole bushel full of heavenly coins. Why, you are wealthy beyond the dreams of most men. Rejoice and be glad. Each hour, each day, each minute, can be used . . . offered up . . . for some soul . . . or just given to Mary, who knows where to put it to the best use. And then . . . then when you will receive that LAST LOVE LETTER OF GOD that men call death . . . oh the joy that awaits you . . . who have so gallantly, so happily, shared in Christ's passion, and co-redeemed souls with Him!"

It truly takes my breath away. Yet when the conversation is over . . . I feel as if I have not passed any joy at all to my hearers. I feel that all my words fell fallow or died right there and then. For most people look at me as if I were speaking some unknown tongue.

Drink The Chalice

Marital unfaithfulness . . . lack of money . . . the misbehavior of children . . . like acid drops, these problems fall from the lips of those
(Continued on Page Three)

COMBERMERE

By Dorothy M. Phillips

Every summer we of the Staff of Madonna House feel we are witnesses to a miracle . . . of God's grace. Consider. Here we are, located quite far from the much-travelled areas of the world. True we have a good bus service between us and Ottawa and Toronto (we are on Route Sixty-two) and we are only some twelve miles from Barry's Bay, our shopping center, and our nearest railway station, but we are not handy to the main highways.

Yet every year hundreds, and we mean that figure literally, travel from afar — the U.S.A., Canada, and even foreign lands, to come to the little village of Combermere, (pop. 120), and to Madonna House, set in its midst and in the middle of vast forests and hills.

Growing, Growing, Grown

This year is no exception. The Summer School opened with forty-three people. It went on, varying from that number to more than seventy for the "family week." We had to hire some cottages from local folks to accommodate all who came. But, to our great sorrow, we still could not take all the families who wanted to come for the week of the "RESTORATION OF THE HOME TO CHRIST."

At times we feel that we are encompassed by a sea of hunger . . . the hunger of human hearts for God and the things of God . . . for that is what the Summer School of Catholic Action here is like . . . an ebbing and flowing sea of people, of all ages, earnestly desiring to find out how to love and serve God better.

This brings us joy. But it also brings sadness. Why

aren't there more places where people can come? Why so few and far between? And why isn't that hunger filled during the other months of the year? Why do people have to travel into the wilderness to find what they are seeking? Why don't they find it at home?

You Tell Us Why

These questions come to us — but as yet they remain without an answer.

So people flock to Madonna House, and sleep on mattresses on the floor, in tents — anywhere and everywhere — just to hear saintly priests and experienced lay people talk about God and the things of God.

And we of Friendship House rejoice with a great joy that the Lord has brought us here; that our saintly Ordinary, the Most Reverend W. J. Smith of Pembroke, encouraged us in starting this Summer School of Catholic Action. It truly makes us touch the graces of God in the souls of men, and brings us many new and true friends. Alleluia.

The chapel is going along well. It has a roof. The windows are in; the floors are laid. Soon our Lord will dwell with us. May I thank you one and all for your wonderful help? Every board, every nail, we owe to your generosity, dear readers and friends.

We pay for the building as we go along . . . as you send us your gifts of love and understanding. Many more dollars are needed to complete the structure; but we are not worrying. We know Our Lady will move the hearts of people; and see to it that her chapel is ready in time for the feast of the Immaculate Conception.

THE B'S CORNER

(Continued from Page Two)

who come to see me. Like tears, words fall from my friends' lips . . . and I long with my whole heart to gather all these words up . . . and hand them back and say . . .

"Look, you have a chalice full of joy . . . God put it into your outstretched and weary hands . . . to let you know He loves you unto death . . . that He is with you unto the end of time. These troubles are but splinters of His cross, holy beyond understanding or fathoming. Run, pick up each little piece; and hand it back to Him after you have kissed it. And joy . . . the kind of joy that you never knew existed . . . will flood your soul. You will literally be drunk with joy. Just try it once."

Work, of whatever kind, may be monotonous and uninteresting. But it can be profound joy too. For WORK IS PRAYER, when done in the Lord . . . it is co-creating with God. The Lord Almighty worked six days Himself. Oh the singing, pulsating joy of work, any kind of work, especially manual labor . . . the kind that is also service to others!

She May Write A Book

I think I could write a book on that kind of joy. But most people dream of idleness . . . of retiring early . . . of having empty days with little to do, for God or man, and plenty of money to do it with.

Strange! Passably strange . . . for Catholics!

I know only of one immense, overwhelming, heavy sadness . . . that merges into

pain intolerable . . . that can and does, kill joy instantly. That is MORTAL SIN.

Nothing else can kill joy. Nothing else should. All of life . . . even its darkest hour . . . is joyous in the Lord. For all that happens, happens either because He directly willed it . . . oh joy of joys to do His most Holy will! . . . or because He permitted it. Joy again!

Why then, are we sad?

Let us live in joy . . . the joy and peace of the Lord. For His service indeed is joyous. His yoke is as sweet as it is light. Come, try — and you will know the inebriation of joy.



Open Heart

By

Lucine Pawlowski

Throw wide your doors, my heart,

Let Charity be host;

A smile, your "Welcome Mat,"

A kindly word, your toast.

Keep open heart today

For all who need to sup.

At night, when work is done, The Master will lock up!

1st Station Of The Cross

By Catherine

The day was hot,
As Spring days
Are wont to be
In Palestine.

The water
Flowed
Cool and clear
Over Pilate's
Hands and wrists,
Reflecting the gold
Of basin
And of urn.

He, Who created
Water, gold, and
Man,
Stood thirsty,
Weary,

Sleepless,
And alone—
A Pariah—
Before an
Earthly proxy
Of an earthly King!

The water flowed
Cool and clear
On Pilate's wrists
And hands,
While he
Washed them
Of the Blood
Of Innocence,
And then
Gave Innocence
Over to Guilt
To die for it,
Who did not know
Its touch—
But loved
The guilty
Unto death!

The words of
Death
Were spoken.
A clumsy slave
Spilled water on
The marble floor.
It fell in droplets
As tears do.



Death shivered.
She knew
Her Master
Had finally
Come
To conquer
Her, and make
Of Her
The gateway
Of Life.

Angels tumbled
Down—
A brilliant crown
For an uncrowned
King!—
And made
Of their wings
A soft, fleecy
Pathway
For God's
Rendezvous
With Lady Pain.

Thus the first
Sonorous note
Of the dirge
Of the Passion,
And of the Song of
Songs of Love—
Began.

MADONNA HOUSE

FINANCIAL STATEMENT

December 31st, 1952

ASSETS	
Cash	\$ (286.28)
Furniture and Fixtures	\$ 2,334.30
Less Reserve for Depreciation ..	671.20
Total Assets	\$1,376.73

LIABILITIES	
Surplus	\$ 705.44
Reserve for Depreciation on Furniture and Fixtures	671.29
Total Liabilities	\$1,376.73

PROFIT AND LOSS

December 31st, 1952

INCOME	
Balance in Bank as of January 1st, 1952	\$ 1,058.25
Donations	17,039.75
Less outstanding 1951 cheques cashed in 1952	343.83
Total Income	\$17,754.17

EXPENSES	
Furniture and Fixtures	466.58
Bank Fees and Exchange	559.34
Bees	48.42
Building and Repair	966.54
Calf	60.00
Cartage and Freight	101.77
Car Upkeep and Repairs	2,166.61
Charity	987.39
Chickens	37.00
Cold Storage	23.03
Dental Fees	166.00
Drugs	42.44
Electrical Installation	100.00
Electricity	114.56
Farming Implements and Tools ..	78.68
Feed	240.65
Food	3,683.87
Fuel	841.12
Furnace and stove	130.50
Garden	99.53
Handicraft	4.00
Hospital and Medical	207.23
Household Furnishings and Repairs	645.71
Ice	33.00
Insurance	147.59
Library	294.38
Licenses and Fees	65.03
Miscellaneous	809.42
Pigs	12.00
Plumbing	415.89
Postage	1,351.03
Rent	115.00
Scholarships	400.25
Stationery and Office Supplies ..	411.62
Subscriptions	45.88
Taxes	98.59
Telephone and Telegrams	148.32
Travel	622.00
Wages	1,299.48
Total Expense	\$18,040.45
To Surplus	(286.28)
	\$17,754.17

RESTORATION

FINANCIAL STATEMENT

December 31st, 1952

ASSETS	
Cash in Bank	\$ 120.70
Total Assets	\$ 120.70

LIABILITIES	
Surplus	\$ 120.70
Total Liabilities	\$ 120.70

PROFIT AND LOSS

December 31st, 1952

INCOME	
Balance in Bank as at January 1st, 1952 ..	\$ 334.10
Subscriptions	1,812.61
Bank Exchange	8.71
Total Income	\$2,155.42

EXPENSE	
Printing Restoration	1,424.00
Cuts	131.67
Postage	21.94
Miscellaneous Printing	44.00
Donated to In Trust	361.50
Bank Fees and Exchange	51.61
Total Expense	2,034.72
To Surplus	120.70
	\$2,155.42

HEAVEN HELP

(Continued from Page One)
of good will, have driven souls far from her.

We seldom stop to think, or to acknowledge, that the reason so many people turn away from our picture of Mary is because it IS only OUR PICTURE of her. We so often have, in our minds, an inadequate, sentimental, or dwarfed version of Our Lady. We have fashioned a Fairy Princess instead of a real flesh and blood woman, who, though clothed with the Sun, still shares our humanity and desires that all humanity incorporated in Her Son should be presented, holy and pleasing, to the Father. We present an incomplete Queen instead of the Mother of the Whole Christ.

Often we who say we have a special devotion to the Most Holy Mother of God decry the short sightedness of our fellows who do not "snap to attention" each time we mention her most dear name. We shake our heads, to indicate that they cannot possibly hope to achieve our state of sanctity, since they are so woefully ignorant of the nature and estate of the Queen of Heaven and Earth.

We Fling The Fur

Usually we are perfectly rational and kindly people. If asked to discuss the involved doctrine of the "Mystical Body," for instance, we could do so with a modicum of table-turning and chair-throwing. But let us cross swords with any fellow apostle whom we even faintly suspect of a lack of devotion to Mary, and—even though he be our best friend—the fur starts to fly.

Why is the Mother of Fair Love served so poorly? Does the Mother of all Grace deserve champions so lacking in the graceful approach? Does she deserve an ambassador who does not know how to present her to the world, or her cause to the nations?

If we were true disciples of Jesus, and desirous of glorifying that Most Holy Mother to whom God has given such unique glory, we would strive to know Our Lady as the lover knows His Beloved. We would not go about, half-instructed, our minds filled with self-made and sentimental images of Mary, seeking to foist them upon the world.

Real Pictures Of Mary

We would toss aside the sticky-sweet, holier-than-thou picture of Mary which the world despises. And we would present her as the strength-filled Spouse of the Holy Spirit; the Woman wrapped in Silence; the Joyful Woman presenting the Glory of all Israel to be lifted up in the hands of Simeon; the Suffering Woman who stood beneath the cross, and perfectly filled, in her body and soul, the passion of her Son, earning thereby the

title of Co-Redemptrix; the grace-filled woman who guided the Infant Church in its first tottering steps; the glory-filled woman who reigns, with the moon at her feet and a diadem of twelve stars for her crown, the Queen of heaven and earth.

This is the way we must introduce Mary to her little ones. Who would not be proud of such a Mother? Who could turn away in repugnance from this love? We must make men understand this.

We have found the shortest way to heaven, through the very gate of heaven itself. Others will come by other routes, but all roads of sanctity lead to the garden of delights, through the gate of the Queen of all Hearts.

Of Angels And Babies

"Dear Ed . . . Have you ever spent one single solitary night alone with Jesus, in an empty church? He spends most every night in that fashion, without you or me to keep Him company; because His love for us forces Him (God) to do so . . .

"Love. That reminds me to remind you of the constant love of our Guardian Angels, and our indifference to them. When did you last give your particular Angel a thought? Next to God and Our Lady, he is your best friend. How shamefully most of us treat the angels . . ."

"Dear Ed . . . If this world is to be made better and more pleasing to God we must start with the children. And if the children are to

Our Lady of Hope

V. Mary, our Hope, have pity on us!

R. Hope of the Hopeless, pray for us!

O Holy Mary, my sovereign Lady, into thy blessed trust and special custody, and into the bosom of thy mercy, I this day and every day, and in the hour of my death, commend my soul and my body. To thee I commit all my hope and happiness, all my anxieties and miseries, my life and the end of my life, that through thy most holy intercession and through thy merits, all my actions may be guided and governed according to thine and thy Son's will. Amen.

Chimes of The Rosary

By G. C. M.

Credo and
Paternoster,
Ave Maria
And Gloria;
Paternoster,
And Ave over and over.

I

The angel has spoken
To the purest of virgins.
Paternoster,
And Ave over and over.

To cousin Elizabeth
Mary has journeyed.
Paternoster,
And Ave over and over.

'Neath Bethlehem stars
The Infant is born.
Paternoster,
And Ave over and over.

In the temple presented
Where Simeon spoke.
Paternoster,
And Ave over and over.

In the temple disputing
Christ sits with the wise.
Paternoster,
And Ave over and over.

II

Gethsemane's torments
He, kneeling, forbears.
Paternoster,
And Ave over and over.

Bearing the torture of
flesh
While goaded and lashed.
Paternoster,
And Ave over and over.

A crown of sharp thorns—
And they jeered at a King.
Paternoster,
And Ave over and over.

They gave Him a cross,
A burden intense.
Paternoster,
And Ave over and over.

And Love gave its all
On a tortuous Tree.
Paternoster,
And Ave over and over.

III

He rose from the tomb
In a halo of light.
Paternoster,
And Ave over and over.

He rose into Heaven,
Both body and soul.
Paternoster,
And Ave over and over.

The Spirit has come
In flaming descent.
Paternoster,
And Ave over and over.

Mary unspotted
Assumed into Heaven.
Paternoster,
And Ave over and over.

Was crowned in her glory
As Celestial Queen.
Paternoster,
And Ave over and over.

MAKE READY THE WAY OF THE LORD ~
MAKE STRAIGHT HIS PATHS ~

Pre-Natal Clinics To Produce Saints

Dear Ed. — For several years now I have been considering a plan whereby children may give themselves to God completely — once they are able to know and love Him. It may be "idealistic," but I believe it is worth consideration.

We have pre-natal and post-natal clinics to insure, so far as we may, really healthy normal children. These clinics are concerned with the physical alone. Well, the body of the child needs attention. True. But how about the soul of that same child?

How about "spiritual" pre-and-post-natal clinics, where a number of Catholic mothers would be taught to unite themselves and their unborn children, to Our Lady and the Child Jesus — especially to Mary carrying the Child in her womb?

It is said that every saint had a great mother. Could we not hope for many saints from such spiritual clinics? Yours—

J. J. W.

be made saints, we must begin with the mothers. Right? The closer we keep the children to Jesus, the better chance they have of becoming saints.

"From earliest infancy a love for the divine Infant should be taught by every means possible. And it should start when the child is in the womb!

"Catholic women should be taught a pre-natal preparation for the soul of the unborn child, just as pre-natal clinics teach them how to ensure a healthy body for the child . . . I have a birth mark. My mother told me how I got it. Accident? Nonsense.

"A pre-natal spiritual clinic for mothers might be a helpful way to produce saints. What should mothers do? They should do as Mary did when she was with child. They should concentrate on Jesus! They CAN influence the unborn and unbaptized child. In union with Mary, their prayers and sacrifices can obtain grace sufficient to make a saint.

"If we learn to love God with our whole heart and mind when we are little we won't offend and neglect Him when we are older."

BISHOP'S VISITATION

(Continued from Page One)

Omanique, of Pembroke, who donated the electric organ, had also been invited.

The bishop gave all his blessing. It was estimated — but not scientifically — that he left as many blessings in and around Madonna House as he left in and around the church.

The people of the house sent him and Father Owens away with the singing of the Salve Mater, and with the ringing of Madonna House's own bell. This, which once graced a New York Central locomotive, came to us through the charity of the Callahans of Rochester, N.Y., the parents of Fr. John T. Callahan.

This bell, incidentally, required no special blessing from His Excellency—which should have made him feel happy, for the day must have tired him. When it rang it was to bless him for all his kindnesses to us, as well as to wish him "God speed and Come Again."

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